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"WAYFARINGS"

BY

JOHN HELSTON

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"WAYFARINGS"

I love all roads that have green sides of grass,
Where giant purple knapweeds, dark and wild,
Still nod their shaggy welcome when I pass,
Above pale clover flowers.
I used to think they loved me as a child,
And though they have forgotten now, alas,
And now they only nod where once they smiled
I wander there for hours.

I love such roads as lead where no one knows,
Nor cares, but I; where once the Roman trod;
Where spreading hogweed stands in stately rows,
Nor woodbine-breezes cloy.
It may be Fancy, or it may be God—

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A sense is ofttimes with me then that goes
Past where the larks their utmost song unload
Beyond the heights of joy.

I love all goings westward when the way
Is girt about with evening; when low gleams
Are yet above dim woods, and yet the day
Lingers though night appears.
Among my soul a yearning sadness teems.
From Twilight comes it, then? From God it may.
But certain there is then with me that seems
Beyond the depths of tears.

—John Helston.

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